

elect?

Lady Willweather—I really forgot. One meets so many new people nowadays.

St. Duchess of Hampshire—Oh! how true that is! If they're dull, I call on 'em during Lent, when they're at home; if they're lively, I call on 'em at the end of the season; if they're rich, I'm civil to 'em all the year round; and if they're poor, I avoid 'em.

Lady Baring—How well that Gwendolene Marleson is bearing the disappointment. I admire her.

St. As much.

Lady Willweather—So do I. (Drowsily.) What with her long, long legs—some people admire her—her arm like a pipewit—her eyes like a cat—her complexion, and her voice, mysterious mouth. I think her quite too fascinating.

St. William—Now, I ask you, as a man of the world, do you believe in the general workableness of the average man?

St. Arbury—I've known instances of it. I know among my own intimate acquaintance, in fact, one cannot dogmatize.

St. Answer—And sometimes it doesn't.

St. William—I suppose it is just one of those things which happen.

St. Arbury—No. It turns out badly, no one talks of anything else.

St. William—And if it turns out well?

St. Arbury—No one takes the smallest interest in the matter. Those who have made men happy